

The Good News

in grad school was
God Is Dead.

We triumphed. Not
really much fun
after all

was said and done,
and said again.

Endgame, orgiastic,
& then hung over

faith hardened to dogma,
making theologians

comfortable, know-
ing that course shows
more green

than rough. We stroked
listlessly, after

landing in sexual traps
& rehabs. Till grief
scalped the circus. God

has reprised his standup,
tighter than ever,

flocking us with the most
deadly, meretricious

shepherds the world
has yet stomached.

But hey, be cool. All's
a cycle & we'll come
back. Already planning

to be robbed of our jewels
in the seediest Vegas room.